

SONGS, DUETS,
AND
CHORUS,
IN
THE PRIZE,
A FARCE,

IN TWO ACTS.

*Written by Prince Hoare Esq
First Acted by the Drury Lane
Company at the Opera House
Haymarket for Signora Storace's
Benefit*

THE MUSIC

COMPOSED BY

Mr. STORACE.

CHARACTERS.

Caddy.....Mr. Baddeley,
Lenitive Mr. Bannister, jun
Heartwell..... Mr. Whitfield,
Label.....Mr. Suett,
JubaMrs. Bland.
Servants,
Boy,

Mrs. Caddy.....Mrs. Booth,
CarolineSignora Storace.

SCENE—*A Country Town.*



THE PRIZE.

ACT I.

SCENE, *A Room in an Inn.*

AIR. JUBA.

YOU care of money—care no more !
No tink, if you be rich or poor,
My mind employ ;
Me stay with you—no sorry—no !
And where away my maffa go,
Go poor black boy.

Me figh with you, when you be sad,
And when you merry much and glad,
Me share your joy ;
For though my face be darky hue,
There's still a faithful soul and true
In poor black boy.

You good to me—dat keepy here—
No, maffa, dat you never fear
Long time deffroy ;
Me know death kill, but leave one part ;
He never kill de loving heart
Of poor black boy.

SCENE, *An open Road before Mr. CADDY'S House*

DUET. CAROLINE AND JUBA.

Caroline. Ah! tell me, softly breathing gale,
Did you my voice obey?
Did you repeat the plaintive tale,
The tender sigh convey?

Juba. What sigh? hark! so much me please!
How music set my heart at ease!

Caroline. Ah, faithless gales! ye were unkind,
Ye did no sigh convey——

Juba. That voice, me sure—have in my mind;
Who sigh there, I pray?

Caroline. Ah! Juba!

Juba. - - - - Missy!

Both. - - - - - Is it you?

Caroline. Or only fancy still untrue?

Juba. Or only fancy tell no true?

Caroline. 'Tis he—

Juba. - - - - - I's, missy, poor black boy—

Both. Then welcome hope, fond hope of joy!

Caroline. Go, haste, and let thy master know

Juba. Me haste to let my massa know

Both. The transport of my mind:

Caroline. Ah! may I hope, if he return,

Juba. Ah! may he hope, when he return,

Both. A faithful heart to find!

SCENE, *a Museum.*

RONDEAU. CAROLINE.

Ah ! ne'er ungrateful
Shall he, I love, be found,
No fear so hateful
My constant breast shall wound.

Our hearts by nature join'd,
We own'd a mutual flame ;
And if no change I find,
Will he not be the same ?

Ah ! ne'er ungrateful
Shall he, I love, be found ;
Nor fear so hateful
My constant breast shall wound.

Tho' age too coldly wise
Our easy faith reprove,
What counsel can I prize
Beyond the vows of love ?

No ! ne'er ungrateful
Shall he, I love, be found ;
No fear so hateful
My constant breast shall wound.

ACT II.

SCENE, *a Museum.*

DIALOGUE. LENITIVE and LABEL.

Lenitive. From my hide-and-seek chin,
Sometimes out, sometimes in,
How flashy my muslin cascade is !
The pulse no more I squeeze,
But, as softly as you please,
I now squeeze the hands of the ladies.

Label. To all who complain,
Here I hold out my cane,
For Label a knight of the trade is ;
No hand so fair to me,
As the hand that holds a fee,
And I care not a pin for the ladies.

Lenitive. See ! my gold cane and wig
I've hung up on a peg,
Hic cæstus artemque repono :
Gentility's my plan,
And I leave my journeyman
The care of the Publico Bono.

Label. The world if you try,
First of doctors am I,
For all ills that I know, and don't know ;
Deny it if you can,
Honest Label is the man
To take care of the Publico Bono.

Both. See ! my gold cane and wig

Lenitive. I've hung up on a peg ;

Both. Thus fortune can merit corono :

Lenitive. Gentility's my plan,

Label. And Label is the man,

Both. To take care of the Publico Bono.

AIR. CAROLINE.

Beaux yeux ! qui causez mon trepas !

Revenez en ces lieux

Pour finir mon martire !

Depuis votre depart

Je languis, je soupire.

Quand vous me dites—*good bye*, jusqu'au revoir,

How grieve mon cœur !—*leave me* en desespoir ;

Farewell plaisirs !—*no joy till* votre retour—

Ah ! *pity* ! quelque pitié ! *unto my* tendre amour !

Je meurs pour vos divins appas.

(II)

F I N A L E.

CAROLINE.

The changeling's fate we've set to view,
My own depends alone on you ;
To-night, if I your smiles obtain,
I draw the PRIZE I fought to gain.

C H O R U S.

With anxious hearts we look about,
To see if Prize or Blank come out ;
More vain of you, than fortune kind,
Since you can see, and she is blind.

118

THE

CAROLINE.

The changing's late we've lot to view,
My own dependance on you;
To-night if I your father obtain,
I draw the PRIZE I fought to gain.

CHORUS.

With anxious hearts we all expect
To see the prize that's come out;
More vain of the chance of the kind,
Spare you can build a blind.



